

Summer, ME

Transit

I can hear the
Sounds of laughter
Cut across the lake
Over campfire lights
Through summers in Maine
The low hum of an old busted radio
Singing songs that we knew

Play it over and again
Back till you begin
To match the beating of your heart
With the ringing in your ears

Over and again
Back till you begin
To match the beating of your heart
With the ringing in your ears

Come on and waste away with me
Up with the rhythm
Down with the beat
Growing older, oh oh
We're getting older, oh oh

Waiting for the sound of a lock to turn
Moving like a ghost in-between the walls
Take me to the very edge of your pain
Tap me like a stone outside your window

I'll be visiting you in flashbacks
I'll be visiting you in dreams
With our legs on the edge of summer
The moon spotlighting in the water

Come on and waste away with me
Up with the rhythm
Down with the beat
Growing older, oh oh
We're getting older, oh oh

Cause these are the nights
That fill my heart
And these are the times
I'll keep and carry
Older, oh oh
We're getting older, oh oh

Up with the rhythm
Down with the beat
Up with the rhythm
Down with the beat

I hear that radio
Singing songs that we knew
The ones my mother fell in love to

Play it over and again

Back till you begin
To match the beating of your heart
With the ringing in your ears

Over and again
Back till you begin
To match the beating of your heart
With the ringing in your ears

Come on and waste away with me
Up with the rhythm
Down with the beat
Growing older, oh oh
We're getting older, oh oh

Cause these are the nights
That fill my heart
And these are the times
I'll keep and I'll carry
Older, oh oh
We're getting older, oh oh.